

# FINAL FANTASIES I

## CHAOS REIGNS

“He’s weakening!” Cos Til shouted. Her white robes were stained with blood, the magic that she’d called on to keep her friends alive during their ultimate battle thrumming through her body. Her throat was dry and scratchy, her hair matted with sweat, vision blurry from exhaustion. But they had this. *They had this.*

Two thousand years of suffering about to be undone by the prophesied Warriors of Light.

She was so proud of herself, of her friends.

Korv, bleeding from a dozen wounds, struggling against the effects of as many poisons. His muscles straining to spin his sword-chucks and keep them under control as he moved through the twenty-four stances of Zodiac Kenshido. Their enemy waffled under the assault, cut to ribbons as Korva roared fury for twenty centuries of the abused, the dead.

Shear Vi assault made it even worse. He was on his knees, beaten down and bloody, propped up by Cos’ magic and her magic alone. He stretched out his one good hand, carving eldritch symbols in the air, smelling of burnt ozone and blazing like the sun. He sliced time around Korv, making their fighter faster, making him hit harder, making him a dancing field of steel and death.

Gyre struck at every bit of their enemy that Korv missed. His vest was torn to shreds, his body covered in nine deep star-scars, but he refused to falter, to weaken, to die. His fists glowing with the power of every living soul on the planet, his face calm despite the pain of their continued struggle. He needed no weapons or armor. He was his own weapon. His armor was his friends.

Chaos towered over them. He or she or it stared down at them from the horned head on **their** shoulders. They stared straight at Cos and her friends from the head that emerged from **their** belly, squeezing out from **their** guts. They looked up at the gathered warriors before them from the head that dangled from **their** throbbing erection, from the faces on **their** knees. Their four arms stretched to impossible lengths, tail slashing around **their** temple, the force of **their** wings brushing the warriors back.

They walked forward and reality wavered. Stone bricks melted. The air thickened. Fires turned to glass. Magic brushed up and around **them**, tingling, **their** maws expanding into rows of endless glistening teeth.

Cos kept her friends standing. Shear made them strong. Korv and Gyre struck and kept striking.

The giant faltered, fell to one knee.

They could do this.

*They could do this.*

Gyre surged forward, grabbing the horns on Chaos’ head, driving his fists into the largest face, striking and striking and *striking* again. Bones and cartilage snapped, the head twisting. Korv spun the sword-chucks, slicing the arms, the other heads. Cos screamed, reached out, held her friends together as Chaos reigned and faltered, faltered, fell.

All that remained was silence.

Their heartbeats in the quiet room, the chamber.

“Is that it?” Shear managed. She limped closer to him, helped him stand.

“Did we win?” Gyre asked.

Korv stood over an unmoving body.

“What now?”

Chaos slithered, moving in waves, spasming. Gyre and Korv avoided the clumsy death throes. The body fell still, began to melt and burst.

And in the center of the expanding mass:

“Closer than most.”

They had come to the past to fight the creature Chaos would become.

The Black Knight. The Dread Knight.

*Garland.*

“But you don’t understand.”

His sword was as big as he was, a slab of metal. He moved with a terrible strength, a terrible passion.

“Sometimes a person is not a person.”

The sword swung, slamming into Gyre, battering him away. Too fast to follow, Garland followed. The cut went through Gyre, silencing him.

“Sometimes a person is a place.”

Korv roared, charged. Cos had nothing left and looked in horror at Shear. The black mage shook his head, depleted from their long fight.

“There are places of power.”

The sword-chucks lashed out, moving in circles, in patterns. Garland battered them away, grabbed them out of the air. He moved in a circle, putting all his power and weight into a strike that shattered Korv’s armor and sent him sprawling, unmoving, his ribs broken ugly through his skin.

“Places that ebb and flow as time moves on.”

Korv coughed up blood, body wrenching. Garland stood on his chest and leaned down. Korv gurgled and went still.

“I am such a place.”

He came for them, dragging his sword behind him. His free hand grabbed Shear by the rib cage and pulled, spilling everything that was meant to be in, out.

“This is my time.”

He towered over her, shoved her to the floor.

“You. Your order. Your bloodline. Your prophecy.”

He shook, shattered, Chaos emerging unharmed from his flesh.

**LET ME SHOW YOU WHY IT IS ALL FOR NOTHING**



Chaos wore her like a charm.

Her wrists were bound together and wrapped around their neck. Sometimes, they wore her so that her chest was pressed against them, the hot and the cold of them, the tongues and viscera. Other times, when they wanted her to see, they wore her so that her back was to them, her ass pressed against far too many erections that wrung and writhed around her, forcing her legs, forcing her

## THE LAST WHITE MAGE

Chaos laughed about it. Their dominant erection was a constant inside her, the tongue of that face licking her from the inside, nibbling the slickness of her enforced arousal. Their dominant erection throbbed and squirmed inside her, making her writhe, making her kick, joined by others to torment her, pleasure her, shame her with wrung ecstasies that were never meant to be felt by a mortal body or soul.

Their fingers elongated into tendrils that groped her, whipped her, tickled her. They left no part of her unmolested, toying with her, turning her magic against her, brushing outside her skin, inside her skin, thin crackles of them moving through the space between her atoms.

Chaos was the law that held her together. Chaos filled empty spaces she never knew she had.

She was healed, hurt. She kicked and she moaned. She screamed in pleasure and agony. They kept her mind intact, holy, sancrosect. They let monsters reach out and touch her feet, her calves. Sometimes, he took her off from around their necks and handed her over to monsters: imps, goblins, and worse.

Cos was violated. Dressed so she could be stripped. Healed so she could suffer.

But she fought.

She held herself.

Cos stood under her own power, shaking and exhausted. The power was still in her. There was still hope.

## THERE IS NOT

## I WILL SHOW YOU

She buckled even before they came for her, falling to her knees. They could make her cry and she felt no shame in that. She was resolute. She would find a way to win.

Cos was there when Chaos resurrected the Four Fiends, stripping her power and mingling it with their hate to make their minions anew:

Lich. Marilith. Kraken. Tiamat.

And all the evils those Fiends created in turn.

She had killed all of them and they all knew it. They watched her crawl. Watched her isolated and alone. They laughed at her on her hands and knees, as she was passed around like a plate of food, a wake-up snack to help them shrug off the afterpains of death.

Lich's cold skeletal hands on her body, all over her body, holding her steady. His fingers inside her mouth and inside her lower holes, chilling her from the inside, making her shake, shiver, quiver, cum. His rubs hugging her tight and pressing her against his spine as she screamed, all of her open to him, her head in his skull, her body his skeleton to toy with.

"It is no shame if you do not enjoy it," Lich told her as he strummed another orgasm out of her, as her mouth opened in lewd moans inside his own. She whimpered when he left her, cold from the inside, curling into a ball and shaking at the Earth Fiend's feet.

Lich laughed at her, mocking her.

Marilith grasped her with one hand and then another and then another, hauling her up, warming her from the outside in. She was sweating now, naked body slick with sweat and heat, heat, *heat*. She was crying, dizzy. She'd been there when Marilith had died and the Fiend of Fire knew it. Her tongue lashed out, a steaming strip of flesh that left steaming burns whenever it touched Cos, when it slithered across her sensation-saturated body. Her head lolled, her body not her own, lost and broiling.

"Give into your burning passions," Marilith hissed. Cos cried out, screaming in pain and pleasure, the tongue lashing her, licking her, whipping her, burning her. She was dropped, abandoned, breathing ragged, whimpering and pleading and knowing no one that could hear her cared.

Marilith laughed at her, mocking her.

Kraken's massive tendrils wrapped around her limp body, lifting her. Soothing the burns, washing them away, washing away whatever strength she thought she had. She was drowning, drowning, chocked into a roiling wave of pain and pleasure. She had been there when Kraken died and Kraken remembered. Tendrils became thin to enter her holes and began to throb in and out of her, in and out of her, in and out her, moving her like the tides, expanding inside her, making her moan onto those alien lengths as they drilled her, ruled her, ruined her, saliva and girl cum soaking the Fiend of Water.

"You are nothing more than water, and all water is mine," Kraken rumbled. She felt herself pushed and pulled deep in her bones, her marrow, felt herself liquid, her limbs dangling uselessly as she was penetrated and held. He abandoned her and she felt empty, used, hollow.

Kraken laughed at her, mocking her.

Tiamat reached down with one of her heads as Cos struggled to get to her hands and knees. She was so weak, weaker than she had ever been, her magic drained and friends dead. She fought to raise her head, to look the Fiend of Air in the eye. Tiamat devoured her whole. Dry from ancient choking air, held on a leather tongue, pressed against the rough ridges of the dragon maw. She was licked, pushed around the fiend's mouth, played with, slathered and toyed with. The tongue felt like sand paper against her belly and breasts, her ass, her cunt and clit and face, and then she was free, spit out and caught by another mouth so that mouth could taste her and spit her out. She was spat on the floor, dried by breath, eaten by another, and another, and another, enduring being licked and sucked upon like a piece of candy.

She didn't hear what words Tiamat had for her as she was swallowed, the pressure of the dragon pushing her weeping sore broken body all the way through twisting intestines until she was shat out, sticky and mangled and left without hope, without dignity, without thought.

All the Fiends laughed at her, mocking her.



It was Chaos who cleaned her, healed her, lifted her back around their neck, wearing her like a charm. She gasped and whimpered when they penetrated her again, and it sickened her to realize that she felt better now that she was properly filled.

**WHAT MAGES GAVE THE WORLD A PROPHECY IN TIMES LONG PAST**

**TIMES LONG PAST EXIST ONLY BECAUSE I ALLOW THEM TO**

**I HAVE RULED IN EVERY AGE**

**YOU DID NOT KNOW**

**YOU COULD NOT KNOW**

**BUT I WILL SHOW YOU**

She whimpered as the world rippled, as Chaos tore reality asunder with the claws that were not violating her. They held open a rift in time and space, carrying them both towards it. They were wearing her face out, and she could not look away